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On Your
G R E A T W H I T E F L E E T
C A R I B B E A N C R U I S E

Life

The Brave Reactionary

"IN ages when the hairy man
Girt on a stone or flinty hatchet,
Pursuing that archaic plan
That if he'd eat he'd have to catch it,
Was there, when he returned, a squawk,
A loud and raucous family chorus,
Concerning who would pluck the Auk,
Or fricassee the Dinosaurus?

"Ah, no! He dropped a ton of game,
Upon the lap of waiting Mrs.
He had her finely trained and tame,
She did not even ask for kisses;
Did she complain about her lot?
Not while he was a good provider!
She cooked because, as like as not,
She wanted food to put inside her.

"She also serves who cooks and waits;
She never was a suffrage babbler;
She never stumped the Union States;
She never heard of Hedda Gabler!"—
Brave words, these few! But, Reader, can
You guess the source of thoughts so pleasant?
You're right! I quote a Married Man,
Who spoke when Wifie wasn't present!

W. D.



Oppportunists



Mrs. Pep's Diary

November All the morning gone
24th in taking stock of my

household linen, and downhearted at finding so many of my sets broken; when we have informal meals in the future, I intend to search all the male guests before they leave, being certain that the zanies stuff my supper napkins into their pockets under the delusion that they are putting away their handkerchiefs. And women must do the same with tea napkins, albeit what can be done about that I know not. . . . To an inn for luncheon with several others of my sex, and there was a great hubbub over the bill in that each tried to pay for exactly what she had eaten instead of an even share of the whole, and Lord! I should rather have paid it all out of my own pocket than been witness to such a disgraceful scene, with money flashing back and forth across the table.

November All day on a couch of
25th pain, reading now and then from Julian

Street's "Rita Coventry," a diverting book. But the hero convinces himself that he will have a happier future with the home-keeping Alice than he would have had with the radiant Rita if she had not given him his congé. How he could do so well is beyond me, Alice being the female type which sends exactly ten words in a telegram and looks hurt when spoken to sharply. . . . Samuel home early from the club to cheer me, in high glee over a tayle they are telling on Harvey Wilkes to the effect that Harvey, playing in a high

stake game of bridge as partner of the irascible Mr. Davidson, and overlooking the Ace of Diamonds in his hand at a moment when he should have played it, did slip the card into a tongue sandwich he was eating and consume it utterly, thereby making the hand appear a misdeal. And Sam did mix one of his new cocktales, the finest ever I tasted, and after imbibing two of them I felt like the man in the Scriptures who took up his bed and walked.

November Lay late, ruminating
26th on this and that. This

(*Lord's Day*) is the week in which Thanksgiving does fall, and I do give thanks to God that we are not bidden forth to any family dinner on that day, as we were last year. Nor shall we have turkey ourselves, neither. . . . Set aside this afternoon for rearranging the books, having noticed "100 Salads and How to Make Them" alongside of Walter Pater's "Appreciations" the other day. But Lord! I fell a-reading of almost every volume I took from the shelves, so that when the Mannings dropped in upon us at the tea hour, I had made no progress soever. B. Manning did ask me if I remembered having borrowed ten dollars from her once upon a time. Whereupon I asked her if she did not remember my returning it once upon another time. And she did not. Nor will she accept it now, because of my question. Thus will she have a moral edge on me, for God knows she is more likely to be right than I am. *B. L.*

Deprivations

(*Apologies to Edwin Meade Robinson*)

C RAYON portraits and pewter plates,
Classic dancers who show their knees,
Fancy waistcoats and paper-weights,
Talcum powders that scent the breeze,

Ouija boards and the mysteries
Of spirit land that mystics spout;
These are matters which, if you
please,
I can worry along without.

Cornet soloists, garden fêtes,
Formal dinners and stylish teas,
Movie serials, loud debates
Upon political policies,
Spinach, artichokes, Roquefort cheese,
Radicals red who mouth and shout,
These are matters which, fate decrees,
I can worry along without.

Lean lounge lizards with glossy pates,
Theatre patrons who cough and sneeze,
The T. B. M. who cachinnates
At every mouldy old vaudeville wheeze;
Books that wallow in all degrees
Of gloom and trouble, despair and doubt,
These are matters which, yes, with ease,
I can worry along without.

Envoy.

Editors, whom I must appease
In all the matters I sing about,
Do not answer by saying, "These
I can worry along without!"

B. B.

We Americans

A N American Magnate sat in his high-backed Renaissance chair, before a long refectory table, which he used in lieu of a desk in his beautifully appointed office. He wore a suit of unmistakably English cloth and cut, and his well-made brogues rested on a handsome Persian rug. His arduous day was over; he had dictated many letters to his bright little Irish stenographer, interviewed three Dutch agents in regard to some oil interests and his Canadian boot-legger about a shipment of genuine Scotch. He was about to run up in

his Rolls-Royce, driven by a colored chauffeur, to his home, a little earlier than usual in order that his Swedish masseur might give him a rub-down and his Japanese valet help him dress for dinner, at which his Spanish wife was to entertain the Brazilian Minister. Afterwards they would attend a private sale of Italian pictures and probably drop in later

to hear a little Russian music.

From an exquisite cloisonné box he took out a fine Havana cigar and proceeded to light it with a patent lighter of German origin.

His office boy, obviously a Jew, entered and announced that a young lady was waiting outside to see him.

"Tell her," said the magnate with a weary wave of his hand, "I have

left for the day—it isn't anyone we know, is it? Did she give her name?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, "but I couldn't make it out. 'Le' or 'La' something; she says she's French."

The magnate's manner changed. "Show her in," he said, and sat down, the weariness suddenly leaving his face.

D. T.



"You're looking terribly, dear—liver?"
"No—lover."



*Rider (to boy who has recovered runaway): No, no, my boy! don't get down. Take him home.
What I need now is a good long walk.*

Don't You Remember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt? I Don't

WHEN I was younger than I am now—and that was not so long ago either, my dears—I was possessed of a stern, or New England, conscience. It would never let me forget my duty, or anything else, for a moment.

People greeting me on the street would cause me mental hysterics calling them correctly by name. When I borrowed money I never forgot to return it. My bank account would always be deflated at the end of every month, with the hideous certainty that I had remembered to enter every deposit in my check book, and there could be no error in my favor.

The crash came when I promised to take a "memory course," before I realized what I was doing. I needed a "memory course" about as much as a cat needs two tails, yet here I was signed up to become a student! There was only one thing to do: *I trained myself to forget.*

I began with forgetting that I had promised to take the "memory course." Every day for ten days I would look at the application receipt and say, "What is this paper for?" By the time the salesman came around to collect the first deposit, I could look him in the eye and tell him truthfully that I had no idea what he was talking about.

Emboldened by this success, I began on some of my creditors. They would send bills, and I would put them away and forget where I put them; then they would send duplicate bills, which I would forget to answer; then they would come around to see me, and I would forget to be at home when they called. It was wonderful, and I saved I forget how much, in the first month or week, I can't remember which.

To keep in perfect training I have some test questions I ask myself every morning on arising: "Who shot what off whose head?" and

"Who dragged who how many times around the walls of what?" It is now absolutely impossible for me to give correct answers to either one.

My greatest triumph was achieved the other day, when I succeeded in finally forgetting one of those rhymes that help you remember history dates, which had stuck by me since childhood. It was the one that tells about Guy Somebody who wanted to start something. It starts, "Please to remember the fifth of—" and despite the courteous adjuration of the opening phrase, I rejoice to say that I cannot even recall the month in question; April perhaps, or possibly October, but which one I am not sure.

As a matter of fact, I don't just know now why I started to write all this, unless it was to give some word of hope to those afflicted as I once was. At any rate, I must sign it before I forget my initials.

A. C. M.—let's see; oh yes—A.

Signs in the Heavens in 1950

YOU ARE NEARING THE SILVER TRI-DENT—NEPTUNE'S FINEST HOTEL
* * *

SATURN RING TIRES, ARE GOOD TIRES
THEY START YOUR PLANE
OFF RIGHT
* * *

ORION BELTS FOR FAT FIGURES
LOOK FOR THE THREE STAR
TRADEMARK
* * *

MILKY WAY BRAND MILK'S THE BEST
FROM CONTENTED COWS—EVERY
ONE A STAR
* * *

DR. URANUS GOLDEN MECHANICAL
DISCOVERY FOR RUN-DOWN
AIRPLANES
* * *

LITTLE BEAR HAMS AND BACON
HIGHEST AWARD AT THE PAN-
CELESTIAL EXPOSITION
* * *

THE CASSIOPEIA CHAIR MAKES A
COZY DIRIGIBLE—IT HAS ALWAYS
HELD A HIGH PLACE
* * *

GREAT DIPPER WHISKY
MELLOW AS THE MOON
* * *

OWN YOUR OWN CANAL ON MARS
LIKE LIVING IN HEAVEN
* * *

STOP AT THE - OLE STAR FOR SOME
NORTHERN LIGHTS
FAVORITE CIGARETTES OF THE
UNIVERSE

E. J. K.

Not Really Slipping

I WAS relieved to get a letter from Mother to-day. When I was down on the farm for Thanksgiving dinner she confided to me that she feared Father was slipping a little. She said that he had begun to diet.

Father is seventy-four years old and still runs the farm himself. He never has had the slightest ill health. So of course I was disturbed. Mother said that Thanksgiving morning, breakfast was a little late, and as the family dinner was at noon Father thought he wouldn't eat much breakfast. So he stopped with nineteen pancakes, took only three helpings of the sausage and only a few of the fried eggs. Mother was worried. She didn't like to see Father having to diet so as to enjoy the next meal.



"That reminds me, Ethel; don't forget that you have an engagement with the osteopath to-morrow."

Appraisal

HE is vicious, hard, and vain,
Always striking some new pose,
Ugly, lying, cracked of brain,—
So, at least, say all his foes.

He is virtue's gleaming light,
Generous with his dividends,
Handsome, truthful, very bright,
So, at least, say all his friends.

This is all you ever can
Learn of any mortal man.

R. S. H.



Things LIFE Would Rather Like to Know

WHETHER Uncle Sam let his left hand know what Judge Hand did.

* * *

Why Attorney-General Daugherty didn't get out an injunction against voting the Democratic ticket.

* * *

Whether the Turks fancy they are suffering from pernicious Armenia.

* * *

If the Forty-Niners were gold diggers—or what.

* * *

Whether M. Coué has been talking to the Sick Man of Europe.

* * *

What percentage of the military guests at Wilhelm's wedding wore wound stripes.

* * *

Whether suppression has become nine points of the law.

* * *

Whether Sir Arthur Conan Doyle will sit up on the evening of December 24 to watch for Santa Claus' arrival.

* * *

How soon De Valera will feel that his duty calls him back to America to lecture.

* * *

The opinion of Matthew, Luke and John of the way that the Mark is carrying on.

* * *

How it is going to feel to have a fortieth birthday.

If respectability is only lawlessness to which we have become accustomed.

* * *

Who told the younger literary generation that advertising, also, should begin at home.

* * *

What Santa Claus thinks of the tariff law.

* * *

Whether Constantine gets commutation between Geneva and Constantinople.

* * *

How many German war widows received slices of the former Kaiser's wedding cake.

* * *

What the unspeakable Turk said to the French foreign office.

* * *

How many logs have been rolled in the last twelve months; and how far.

* * *

Why Maxim does not invent a silencer for apartment house phonographs.

* * *

How Nicholas Murray Butler came to discover that there is some liberal political thought in America.

* * *

Whether it would not be fitting for the Tiger of France and the Tammany Tiger to have a reunion in the jungles of Princeton.

At the Bar Association

IT has never been definitely settled which came first, the lawyer or the law. A certain school of thought believes it was the retaining fee, but the Bar Association never has accepted this viewpoint collectively, although some of its members lean very strongly toward it in their individual dealings with society.

At any rate they are both here, law and lawyers. The one cannot exist without the other; so as the lawyers multiply, the statutes, the acts, the regulations and the ordinances accumulate throughout the land. Now there's nearly three-eighths of the law for every legal practitioner in this country—and Congress will convene again in December.

In Roman days a man could put aside his wife by saying three times, "I divorce you."

Now he has to have three lawyers to say it for him, not counting the counsel allotted to the other side at his expense.

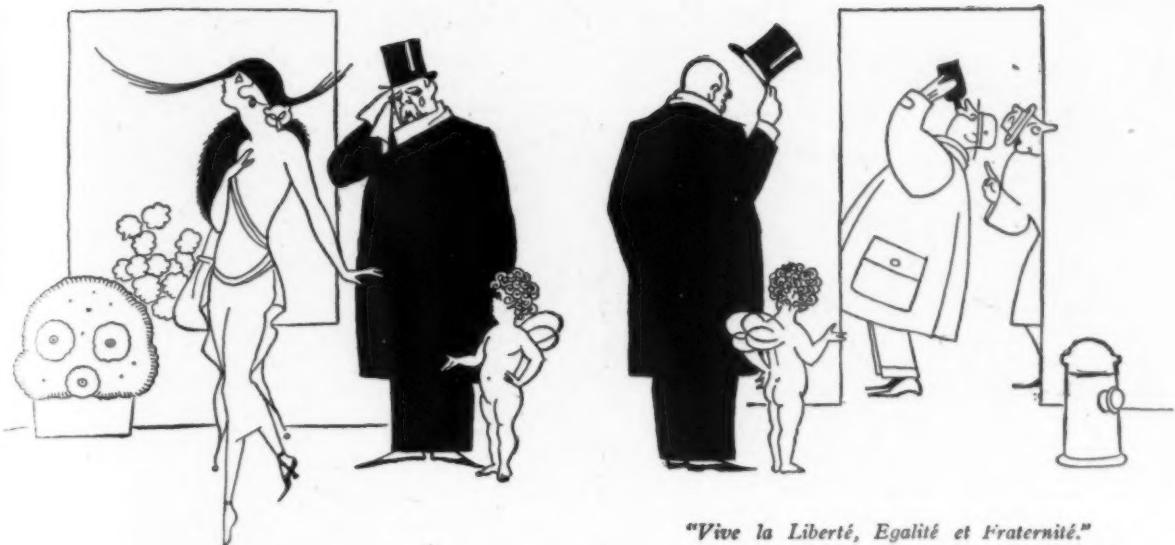
It has been estimated by those who make a practice of such matters that it would take a man seventy-three years, six months and eighteen days to familiarize himself with the various laws of the Congress, the State legislative bodies and the municipal councils of these United States. The age of the average lawyer is thirty-seven. These facts are significant, except when the bill for fees is submitted.

You cannot hope to escape the lawyer in modern life. He is with you from the cradle to the grave and even when you are about to depart for some bourne of greater freedom, a particularly brilliant barrister is likely to secure an injunction forbidding it.

You may be able to avoid every other imposition of latter-day existence—the landlord, the physician, the insurance agent—but in the end the lawyer will get you. If he cannot do it under the existing laws, he will have some more new ones passed. There is no relief in the law.

It is not the high cost of living that bears us down. It is the excessive price charged for being allowed to live and have one's being.

J. K. M.



"Vive la Liberté, Egalité et Fraternité."

"Oh, la pauvre orpheline de guerre! Elle n'a même pas assez de linget!"



"Ah, cette miserable New-York, Elle a aussi ses régions dévastées."

"Salut, mon Général; vaillant gardien du portails d'un nation heroique!"

Le Voyage de M. Clemenceau

"Les pauvres, pauvres Etats Unis! Je mêle mes pleurs."

The Romantic Gesture

"IT'S an awfully tempting notion, dear," said Mr. Hill with a fine, open smile. "But it wouldn't do. I mean people don't elope, do they? unless they have to. At least, not very generally, they don't."

"I suppose they do if they want to," returned his fiancée, raising contemptuous eyebrows over a pair of sparkling eyes. "Why on earth wouldn't they? And if it were very generally done, I shouldn't think of doing it! But it would avoid a lot of fuss."

"I should think it would make a lot of trouble."

"Who ever for?"

"Why, for everyone. Just think of all the comments and explanations. 'My daughter-to-be hated the idea of a formal wedding and so the young people just took the law into their own hands.' I can hear my mother saying it!"

"Mine couldn't object, because she did it herself."

"She had some reason. Her father had a feud with your father's family. Nobody's got any objection to me," declared Mr. Hill, modestly.

"No," agreed Miss Dale, with a sniff, "and that makes it rather tame, of course. Still, it would be fun and it would save a great deal of bother, and it would surprise people."

"I don't particularly want to surprise them."

"I'll tell you what you want," exclaimed his young lady, wrathfully. "You want to go to church in a high hat and have a crowd to stare at you."

This most unjust accusation completely upset the calm philosophy of Mr. Hill's reasonings.

"Confound it all, Millicent! Why do you say things like that? You know I'd hate it."

"Well, then, why insist upon it?"

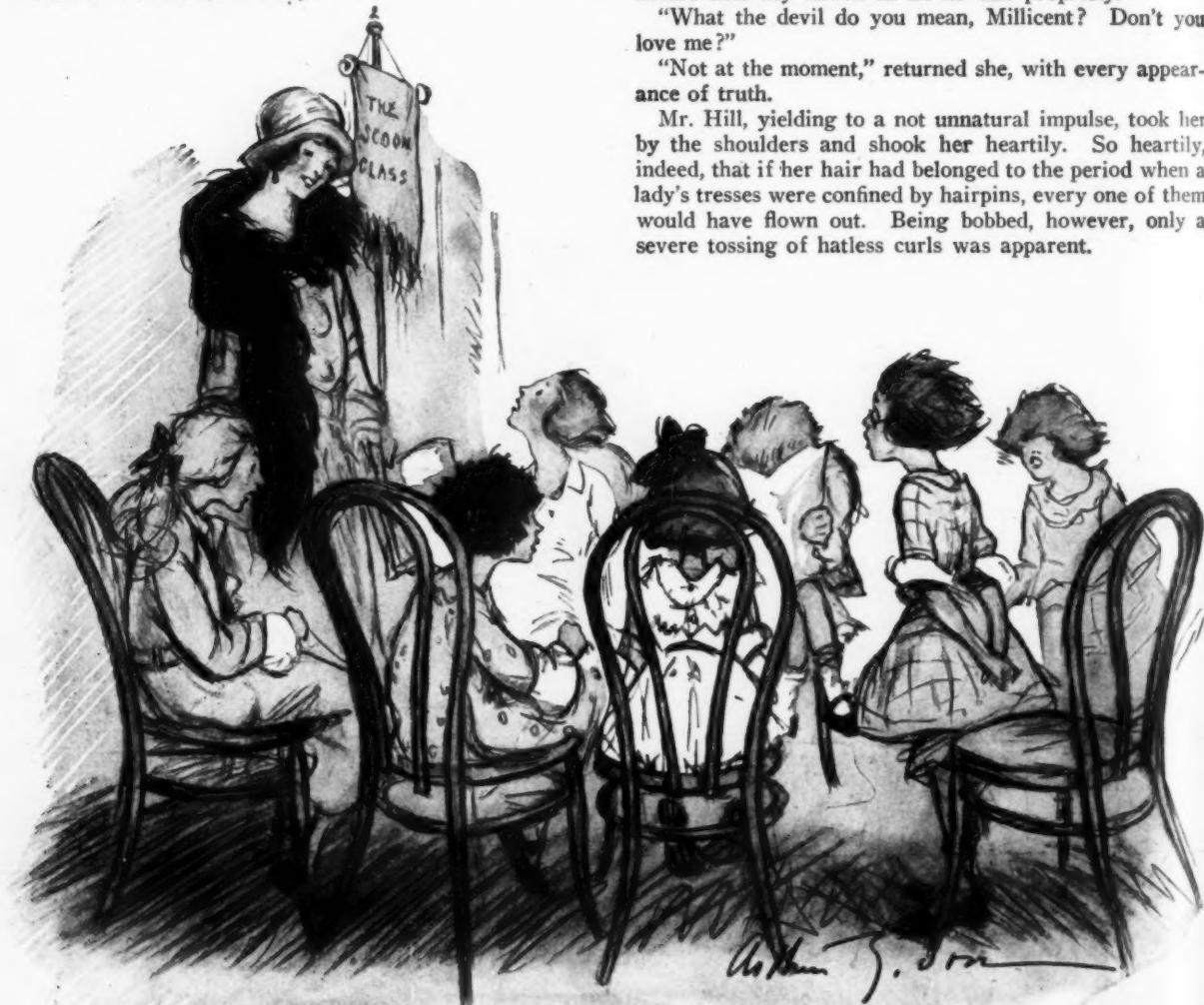
"Who's insisting upon it?" cried the exasperated gentleman. "I only say eloping's ridiculous. Can't we be married quietly and properly?"

"Oh, properly—properly—properly," repeated Miss Dale, in the most irritating manner. "We can, no doubt, if I can't find anyone more exciting to run off with before that day dawns in all its dull propriety."

"What the devil do you mean, Millicent? Don't you love me?"

"Not at the moment," returned she, with every appearance of truth.

Mr. Hill, yielding to a not unnatural impulse, took her by the shoulders and shook her heartily. So heartily, indeed, that if her hair had belonged to the period when a lady's tresses were confined by hairpins, every one of them would have flown out. Being bobbed, however, only a severe tossing of hatless curls was apparent.



Sunday School Teacher: Can anyone tell me where Noah lived?
Pupil: I don't think he had a regular home. I guess he and his family belonged to the floating population.



She (with the ball on the three-yard line): Darling! I've just dropped our engagement ring!

"Now," cried the dominating male, "let me hear you say that again;—that you'll run away with anybody else."

"I gave you first choice, you know," replied the lady in a choked voice.

"Well, by Jove, I'll take it," declared he, savagely. "We'll go now."

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Miss Dale, beaming upon him. "That's splendid! Now we don't need to."

"Don't need to?—Don't need to?—Why, I thought you said—"

"Never mind, dear. Mama's affair put it into my head, and then I wanted to know if you were really as cautious as you sounded. If you'd urged me, you'd have found I wouldn't have gone a step. I just wanted to see you make the romantic gesture. That's all most girls want."

"Are you sure?" faltered Mr. Hill, wiping a moist brow with a fine pocket handkerchief. "Well, I wish more men knew it."

C. D.

Wisdom

GRIEVE not that my love is dead.
Not 'till its death knew I
That nothing fairer ever sped
Irrevocably by.

Grieve not that my love is dead.
How else would I have known
That there's no fire that flames so red
And leaves so cold a stone!

R. L. J.

All I Know Is What I Read in the Papers

YOU would never get this Country to go to war over the Dardanelles unless they had to cross them going from their offices to their golf course.

* * *

The only war you will ever interest this Country in will be one on the Home Grounds. Why pay transportation to a war?

* * *

Look how much cheaper you could put on a war here. Instead of paying men a dollar a year to help run it just pay them what they are worth. Look what a saving.

* * *

Everybody can't get over Iowa beating Yale playing football. Why, they would have beat them sooner than this but it was only ten years ago that some tourist left a football in Iowa.

* * *

Been having all kinds of weeks in New York; had one "Don't Get Hurt Week." Taxi Drivers couldn't hardly wait till the following Monday to run over you.

* * *

Lasker, head of our ships, says taking drinks off our boats will ruin them. He says, "You don't suppose people go to Europe just for the trip."

* * *

See where Mr. Ford has reduced his cars fifty dollars. That's to discourage petty thievery. Will Rogers.

Some Literary Notes from Europe

(By Our Special Correspondent)

PARIS (*via cable, radio and trance medium*)—I mentioned to Clemenceau the other day that Kemal Pasha is to receive 1,200,000 piastres for his memoirs if he ever gets around to writing them. "A large sum, *n'est-ce pas?*" I inquired.

"True," said Clemenceau, a frosty twinkle in his eye, "but who wants to be a Kemal?"

In the last six months the writing of memoirs has risen from seventeenth place among European industries to third, and is now outranked only by the manufacture of antiques and the printing of paper money. All the best hotels are full of American syndicate managers, and Margot Asquith is rushing madly from one capital to another, giving lessons.

Lenin is known to be writing his recollections, and there is a persistent rumor in semi-official circles that he has retired for this purpose to his ancestral castle, the Lenin tower of Pisa.

The growth of the memoir industry will have a profound effect on world literature. In 1921 it was estimated that every fourth book published in the world (including the Scandinavian) was by H. G. Wells. By the end of this year the statement will no longer be true. I mentioned this fact, a few days ago, to Bernard Shaw. "Ah!" he said, cryptically. S.K.

The Happiest Man in the World

The scene is the living room at Doorn. William and his Queen are discovered on either side of a table.

WILLIAM: Do you think it is cold in here?

THE QUEEN: No; I am all right; I don't think it's cold.

WILLIAM: Do you think I'd better go down and put some coal on?

THE QUEEN: I hardly think so; it isn't cold in here. (*Two hours pass, while William reads the "Real Estate for Sale," "Household Goods, Sale or Exchange" and "Situations—Male." The Queen spends the time going through the paper to check up her current murder cases.*)

WILLIAM: Do you think it is cold in here?

THE QUEEN: No; I am all right; I don't think it is cold.

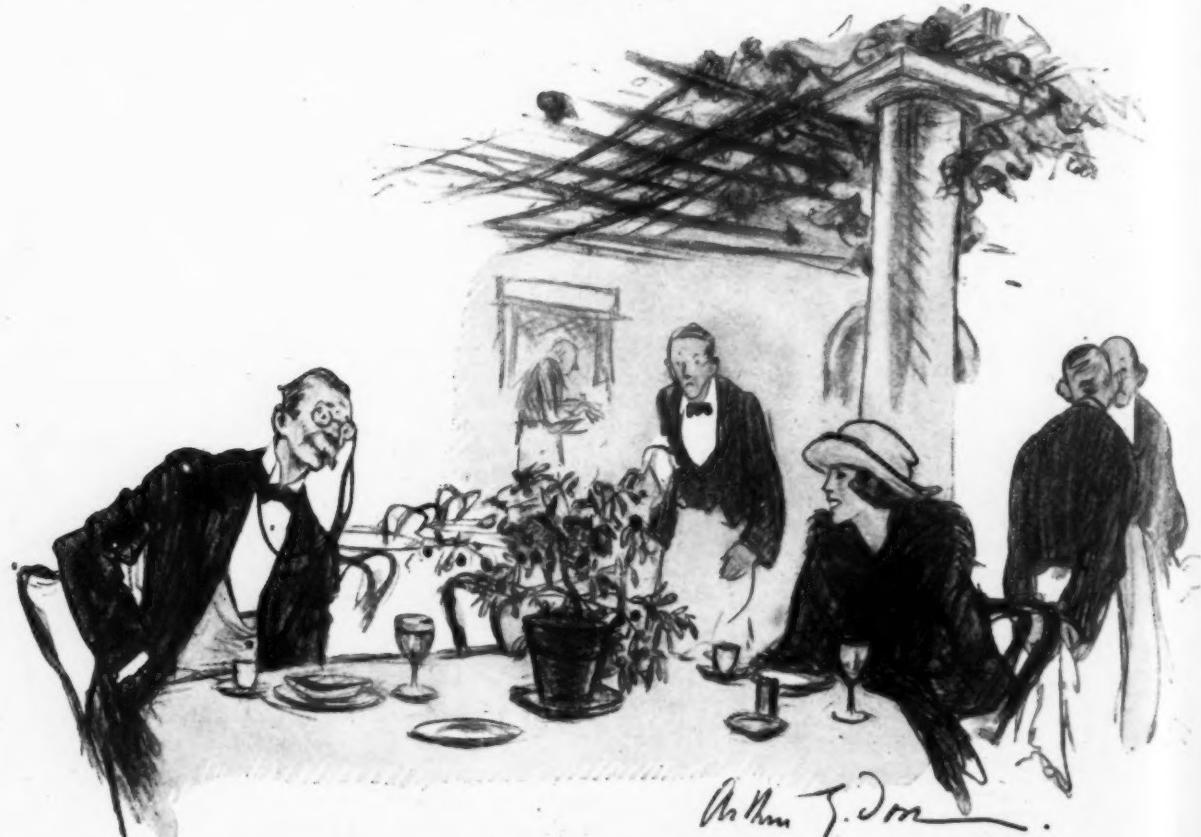
WILLIAM: Do you think I'd better go down and put some coal on?

THE QUEEN: I hardly think so; it isn't cold in here. (*Two hours pass. They have exchanged sections of the paper.*)

WILLIAM: I think I'll go down and put some coal on and turn in.

THE QUEEN: Are you still happy, William, the happiest man in the world?

WILLIAM (*yawning*): Uh, huh. You go on up; I gotta go down and put some coal on. M.C.H.



She: Is that our waiter?

He: All but the final payment.



This Child Knows the Answer— Do You?

We are occasionally confronted in the advertisements by the picture of an offensively bright-looking little boy fairly popping with information, who, it is claimed in the text, knows all the inside dope on why fog forms in beads on a woolen coat, how long it would take to crawl to the moon on your hands and knees, and what makes oysters so quiet. The taunting catch-line of the advertisement is: "This Child Knows the Answer—Do You?" and the idea is to shame you into buying a set of books containing answers to all the questions in the world except the question: "Where is the money coming from to buy the books with?"

Any little boy knowing all these facts would unquestionably be an asset in a business which specializes in fog-beads or lunar transportation novelties, but he would be awful to have about the house.

"Spencer," you might say to him, "where are Daddy's slippers?" To which he would undoubtedly answer: "I don't know, Dad" (disagreeable little boys like that always call their fathers "Dad" and stand with their feet wide apart and their hands in their pockets like girls playing boys'



BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupation
Which is known as the Children's Hour.
"Tis then appears tiny Irving
With the patter of little feet,
To tell us that worms become dizzy
At a slight application of heat.
And Norma, the baby savant,
Comes toddling up with the news
That a valvular catch in the larynx
Is the reason why Kitty mews.
"Oh, Grandpa," cries lovable Lester,
"Jack Frost has surprised us again,



roles on the stage), "but I do know this, that all the Nordic peoples are predisposed to astigmatism because of the glare of the sun on the snow, and that, furthermore, if you were to place a common, ordinary marble in a glass of cider there would be a precipitation which would be found to be what we know as parsley, just plain parsley which Cook uses every night in preparing our dinner."

The Well-Informed Children's Hour

By condensing in crystal formation
The vapor which clings to the pane!"
Then Roger and Lispenard Junior
Race pantingly down through the hall
To be first with the hot information
That bees shed their coats in the Fall.
No longer they clamor for stories
As they noisily climb on my knee,
But each little darling is bursting
With a story that he must tell me,
Giving reasons why daisies are sexless
And what makes the turtle so dour;
So it goes through the horrible gloaming
Of the Well-Informed Children's Hour.

R. C. B.



All the little questions that you used to ask children just to make conversation while Mother was out of the room would be taken in deadly earnest by such a child.

"What do you suppose this is I have here?" you might ask little George, holding up what is known in the child-entertainer's parlance as a "tick-tock."

"That," replies George, "is—let me see it closely, please—that is known in the trade as a 'diamond bevel,' so called because of the bevel just under the mainspring. If you were to place that watch in an air-tight box for fifteen minutes and then remove it, you would find a slight film over the glass on the dial. This film is caused by the

action of the mechanism working against the molecular action in the air. The Chinese, who invented the first watches, used a device similar to this for churning butter. By the way, uncle, did you know that butter is—"

At this point you would be justified in stopping the child's talk, and it would be between you and your own conscience just what method you used.

With little ones like this around the house, a new version of "The Children's Hour" will have to be arranged, and it might as well be done now and get over with—



"What seems to be the matter of ya, Georgie?"

"I dunno, but I think I got Leprissy n' Smallpox."

"Yeh? I was a little leery about comin' in at first 'cause I thought maybe ya had Tonsils."



"Did I hear you say 'Darn it'?"

"No, sir! Damn it."



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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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FOUR days after Election came Armistice Day with a good deal of public discourse about the affairs of the world. Some speakers disclosed a feeling that we were turning the corner and getting out of the rut that we had been in since the Treaty of Versailles was beaten in the Senate.

It is time we did. In Europe things are in a ticklish posture. The Turk has got out of the hospital and gone on the warpath, and for the moment no one has sufficient authority to tell him where to get off.

The trouble about the Lausanne, Near-East conference, just beginning at this writing, is that on the one side is Kemalist Turkey, emboldened and aflame with recent victories over the Greeks, that knows what she wants and wants all she can get, and on the other side are the late Allies, of whom France and Italy, it seems, have made secret treaties with the Turks, so that Great Britain is the only visible obstacle to the Turkish seizure of Constantinople and the Dardanelles, and an advance into Europe that may end no one knows where. To that conference the present purpose of our government is to send two observers without powers.

One or two things that look like important facts can be picked out of the medley of information about Kemal and Turkey. One is that what interests Kemal and his government is not the Mohammedan religion but Turkish nationality. He has been waking the Turks up and wants to make them a power again, and win back the territory that they had been losing piece by piece for generations past. Another fact is that

Russia, who has been the most powerful check to Turkey, is now supporting Kemal. The *Villager*, which is a thoughtful observer, says that Russia, which since the time of Peter the Great has aspired and attempted to be European, has now finally turned her face the other way and concluded that she is Asiatic. The *Villager* thinks the Tartar in the Russian has finally beaten the Slav, and that is the interpretation it places on Russia's support of Kemal.

That makes a situation. Germany is watching it; so is Bulgaria; so is all of Western Europe, and very much concerned and perplexed in its observation. Something very big may come of the unchecked co-operation of Kemalist Turkey and Soviet Russia, with Germany next door struggling under her war burdens and looking anywhere for relief, and Bulgaria aching to burst her boundaries and get a port. There are hatreds and aspirations enough, loose and active, in that part of the world to make startling history if they are allowed to, and the late Allies are crippled by jealousies and divided in purpose, and our Uncle Sam still waits for things to be worse before he takes hold hard to cure them.



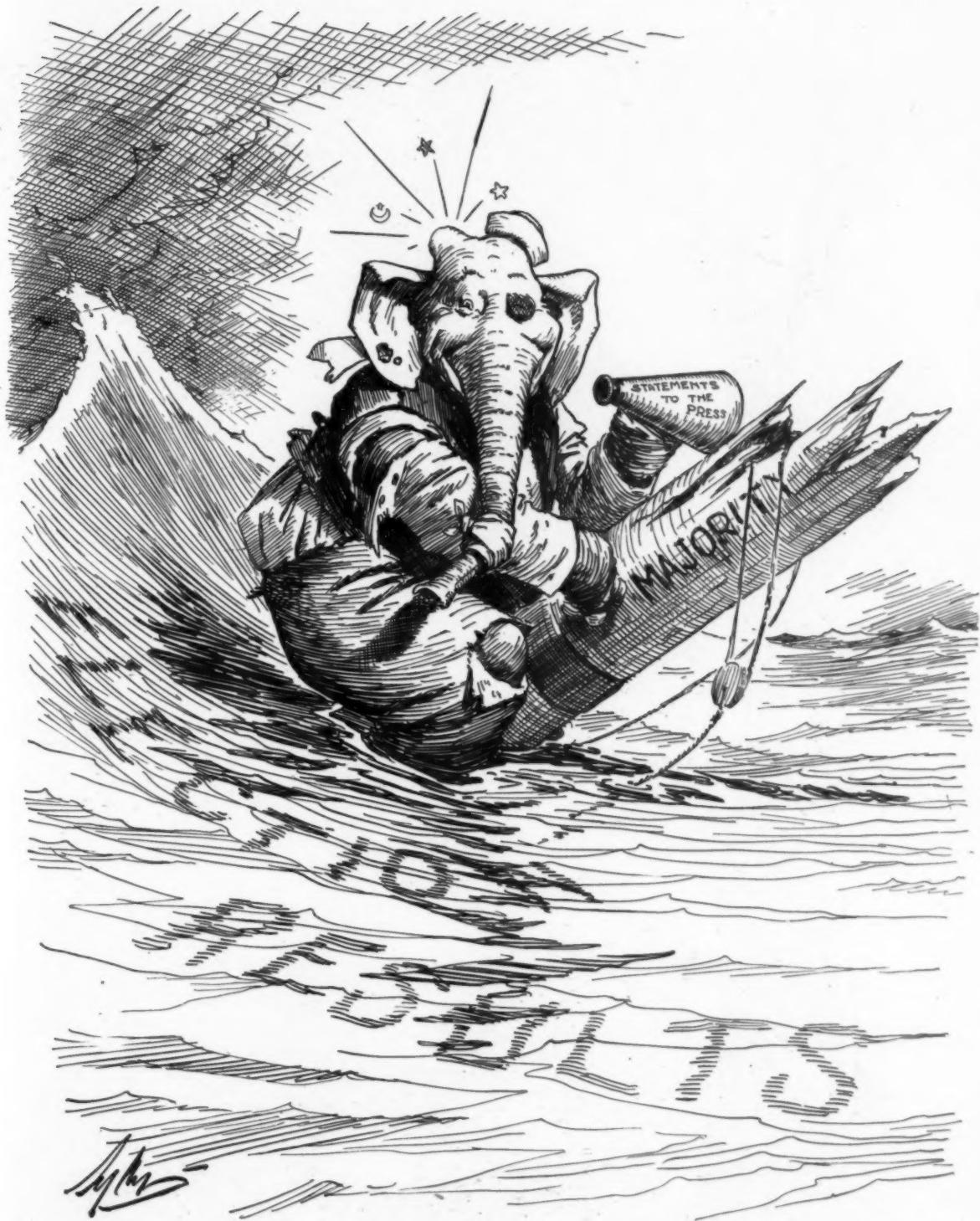
IT made half a column in the newspapers that Mr. Fortesque, an Englishman, had engaged to make an address at West Point on November 11th, and that Mr. Secretary Weeks had called it off because Mr. Fortesque had some time said in effect that Americans were crooks both in sport and statecraft, and insisted upon winning no matter how.

Mr. Fortesque explained that his injurious remarks had been made in 1911, and that he had got over the ideas that he had then, and thought better of the Americans than he used to, and meant to have said so at West Point.

No doubt Mr. Weeks did right, but there are disadvantages about making too great a fuss when unofficial overseas people scold us. Scolding will never hurt us. Flattery may upset us a little; disparagement never will. It has a value. If it is interesting we examine it and see how much truth there is in it. If there is some truth, it does us good to know it. If there is none, it adds agreeably to our self-esteem and makes us think we might be worse.

Nations should expect to be scolded for they belong to a bad family. Awful things can be said, and truly said, first or last, of every nation in existence. All the nations are sinners: most nations have often relapsed into crime. The most difficult thing in the world is to keep the nations in order, to persuade or compel them to abstain from murder and robbery and let one another live. It is not appreciated what liars, what plotters, what marauders, they are. They seem to be criminal by nature, and only savable by the constant effort of churches, courts, armies, lawyers, and (occasionally) Heaven-sent leaders. Individuals should not be maligned without due reason and basis, but no nation should object to being scolded as a nation, and it is to be hoped that gentlemen who either out of ill temper or out of knowledge feel an impulse to scold the United States, will not be scared out of doing so merely because the 100 per cent. Americans will not like it.

E. S. M.



A Convert to Couéism

"The margin of votes is not great,
but the result is certainly satisfactory."
Vice-President Coolidge.



"Mother, may I go out
"Yes, my darling da
Hang your clothes on a
But don't go near



"may I go out to swim?"
my darling daughter;
clothes on a hickory limb,
on't go near the water."



Just Dandy

WHETHER or not it is due to our new spirit of humility born of having seen a playlet of our own in all the ghastly actuality of production, everything in this week's bundle of new plays looks particularly splendid. We enter, dressed in a gingham frock and sunbonnet, laughing tinklingly and singing: "See, see, dear people! What wonderful things *le bon Dieu* has sent to us! A comedy, a tragedy and a musical show, one of each and all good!" (*Bird whistle.*)

First comes "Rain." When we heard that a stage adaptation was to be made of the bitter story by Somerset Maugham (called "Miss Thompson" when it appeared in the *Smart Set*) we remarked cynically that it would probably be doctored up for the Baptist trade. And when it was announced that Jeanne Eagels, of "Daddies" fame, was to play the part of the broken-down prostitute, you could have heard us laughing harshly a block away and saying: "You see? It's going to be a sequel to 'Daddies', in which she turns out to be not a prostitute at all, but his daughter masquerading for a lark."

Therefore, we deserved all we got in the nature of emotional shock on the opening night of "Rain," and we may say that seldom have we experienced a more powerful thrill in the theatre than in the last act, when the raucous sound of the old phonograph in the next room signalled the salvation of *Sadie Thompson* from a horrible conversion.

THE only thing that the adapters (John Colton and Clemence Randolph) couldn't do was to make Jeanne Eagels look broken-down. Her voice is coarse and her clothes tawdry, but, as she stands, she is what you might call "in the pink of condition." And her performance is one of the most startlingly convincing that we have ever seen.

"Rain" is not a play to take evangelically-minded people to . . . On second thought, it is just the play to take them to.



THEN comes Glenn Hunter in "Merton of the Movies." Harry Leon Wilson's book has been dramatized by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connally

and has been tampered with but very little in the process. At times it seems as if it had been merely poured out of the cup into the saucer. Which, after all, is probably the safest method to adopt in dramatizing a good book like "Merton of the Movies." In the last act, however, it stands on its own as a play, and sends you home with the glow of having had a real good cry.

For however much comedy there may be hung on "Merton," the fact remains that as Glenn Hunter plays it, it is one of the most poignantly sad plays in town. The rôle of the movie-crazed youth who thinks that he is a heroic figure while all the time he is being used as a comic, is one which Mr. Hunter fills with such appealing wistfulness and quiet pathos that, instead of laughing as you did in the book, you find your heart gradually but surely being torn from its moorings until it seems as if you could hardly bear it any longer. And even though, at the final curtain, *Merton* has become reconciled to being a leading low comedian, it is pretty certain that anyone passing his room that night would hear an unmanly snuffling going on as he faced in the dark the spirits of his shattered ideals. And somehow you don't like to think about it. It is impossible to judge just how much of a show "Merton of the Movies" would be without Glenn Hunter. With him it is a great deal more than a mere comedy.



TWO musical comedies complete the list of cheering announcements for the week. "Up She Goes" at the Playhouse is a musical version of Frank Craven's old success, "Too Many Cooks" with the music written by Harry Tierney, who gave "Irene" its delightful score. While there is nothing in particular that is spectacularly good about "Up She Goes," there is a consistently satisfactory feeling that one has while listening to it that is worth buying a couple of seats to experience. Donald Brian dances and a young lady named Gloria Foy dances even more so, and Richard Gallagher seems like a darned nice boy besides being amusing in the manner of a darned nice boy. Altogether just a real good show.

And "Little Nellie Kelly," being a George M. Cohan production, moves at a rate which doesn't give you time to think whether it is good or not. As a matter of fact, it is mostly good, especially the singing and dancing of Elizabeth Hines and Charles King and the others in a light-footed cast.

R. C. B.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

The Cat and the Canary. *National.*—Terrific nervous strain which you ought to enjoy thoroughly.

East of Suez. Eltinge.—The story of an emotional Eurasian girl's attempts to keep married. Florence Reed giving off 100,000 volts to the second in the part.

The Fool. Times Square.—A popular version of the New Testament, done in modern theatrical language and dealing with modern problems.

Hamlet. Sam H. Harris.—To be reviewed later. (Imagine reviewing "Hamlet"!)

Hospitality. Forty-Eighth St.—To be reviewed later.

The Last Warning. Klaw.—The most ingenious mystery play we have ever seen.

The Love Child. George M. Cohan's.—To be reviewed later.

Loyalties. Gaiety.—A masterful piece of playwriting, acted with unostentatious skill.

On the Stairs. Daly's.—Five-and-ten-cent-store melodrama.

Rain. Maxine Elliott's.—Reviewed in this issue.

Rose Bernd. Longacre.—Ethel Barrymore in a remarkable performance of the tragic rôle of Hauptmann's baffled peasant girl.

R.U.R. Frazee.—Intensely interesting fantastic satire on the modern industrial system and war.

Six Characters in Search of an Author. Princess.—Like no other play that you have ever seen, and decidedly worth seeing if you don't mind using the old bean a bit.

To Love. Bijou.—Grace George, Norman Trevor and Robert Warwick in a discourse on triangular matters which manages to be extremely absorbing.

Virtue. Nora Bayes.—To be reviewed later.

Whispering Wires. Forty-Ninth St.—See this, and learn to do your murdering by telephone.

The World We Live In. Fifty-Ninth St.—A stupendous and bitter arraignment of our civilization in terms of insect life.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. Republic.—It takes all kinds of people to make a world and a lot of them seem to like this.

The Awful Truth. Henry Miller.—Smoothly running light comedy on divorce, with Ina Claire and Bruce McRae heading an excellent cast.

Banco. Ritz.—Continental bed-room and card-room sports made into delightful fooling.

Kiki. Belasco.—The home-life of a Parisian cocotte made exciting by Lenore Ulric.

The Lucky One. Garrick.—To be reviewed later.

Merton of the Movies. Cort.—Reviewed in this issue.

The Old Soak. Plymouth.—Old-fashioned heart drama with flashes of a joyous characterization.

The Romantic Age. Comedy.—To be reviewed later.

Shore Leave. Lyceum.—Just a nice little wholesome comedy of sighs and tears, which does not overtax Frances Starr.

So This Is London! Hudson.—Comic strip English and Americans in a good-feeling get-together.

The Texas Nightingale. Empire.—To be reviewed later.

Thin Ice. Belmont.—Percival Knight in a play about the butler who turns out to be everybody's friend but the villain's.

The Torch Bearers. Vanderbilt.—A hilarious dig at amateur theatre movements, incomparably funny if you know anything about them.

Why Men Leave Home. Morosco.—The irresponsibility of the American wife made the subject of a sermon delivered in the bedroom.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Better Times. Hippodrome.—What the Hippodrome always ought to be.

Blossom Time. Century.—Franz Schubert's melodies made into a delightful score.

Chauve-Souris. Century Roof.—The ever-popular Russians in a third bill.

The Gingham Girl. Earl Carroll.—Real pleasant.

Greenwich Village Follies. Shubert.—Beautiful to look at.

The Lady in Ermine. Ambassador.—Elaborate comic opera.

Little Nellie Kelly. Liberty.—Reviewed in this issue.

Music Box Revue. Music Box.—On a grand scale but hardly up to last year's.

Orange Blossoms. Fulton.—High-class but not very exciting.

Sally, Irene and Mary. Casino.—A good popular show.

Up She Goes. Playhouse.—Reviewed in this issue.

The Yankee Princess. Knickerbocker.—Good music.

Ziegfeld Follies. New Amsterdam.—Will Rogers the feature.



INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF AMERICAN GENERALS OF INDUSTRY
No. 53. Mr. Statler takes over the Statlerization of the Mansion House



Telephone Accessories

SOMETIMES, as I sit to-day among my telephone, I cannot help longing for the plain old-fashioned desk telephone into which we just talked with the nude voice. The old-fashioned telephone may not have been perfect and it may not have been pure, but it at least did not give us the feeling, when we called anybody up, that we were in a clinic.

My telephone is just the average business man's desk telephone. As you will see by looking at the accompanying picture, I have not put ALL the accessories on it that have been offered to me. In fact, I think I have done a fairly good job of resisting the telephone accessory salesmen, for there are still several inches of the barrel of my 'phone on which there are no clamps. I took a great deal of pride in what one wily canvasser said to me this morning.

"Why, sir," he said wily-ly, "your telephone really hasn't *any* of the modern improvements on it. I see several good places on which I could clamp the Pollyanna Voice Sweetener—the only device which makes your voice sound pleasant regardless of your real feelings. In most cases I have to remove some other less useless attachment in order to make room for our Voice Sweetener. Why, your telephone is bare compared to most. I don't see how you get along with such simple equipment."

"If you ask me," I retorted, "I think my telephone looks like a Christmas tree already, and I don't want your Voice Sweetener or anything else on it. Besides, I don't al-

ways, if ever, want my voice to sound sweet on the telephone."

"Well, you can of course use this throw-off when you want to talk naturally," said the canvasser.

"I feel like a graduate trap drummer every time I talk on that 'phone, as it is. It's so loaded down now with conveniences that I have to stand up and put my whole weight on it to move it. Get out."

In a few minutes he had sold me the Pollyanna, and that is why, perhaps, I am a bit moody on this subject at this moment. While I have been more economical than most business men in regard to dolling up my telephone, I have just estimated that I have \$683 worth of contraptions on it.

I have, among other things, the very latest mufflers, disguisers, amplifiers, rectifiers, strainiers, recorders, sterilizers, smoking sets, hot and cold running water, mirrors, meters, and even a parking light so I can find it in the dark. But to-day, in this blue mood I am in, I can't help feeling that a Ford is a Ford and that a telephone is a telephone, and that it is better than it should be.

At this moment I am of a mind to send my desk 'phone to some dry dock and have it scraped.

D. H.

A CYNIC is one who knows the price of everything but who refuses to buy.

BENNY LEONARD isn't the lightweight champion. We have a certain grocer in mind.

Scenes from Clerical Life

The Archdeacon

YOU don't know what Archdeacons do?

You godless little child!

What is the good of teaching you?

You make me very wild.

They are a scourge to all the clergie,

They jump on any person

Who gives himself to sin and crime

And wastes his valuable time

On burglary or arson.

They are a scourge to all the clergie
(I rather like that word).

They have to let the Bishop know

When anyone has erred

And who is High, and who is Low,

And who should be preferred,

And all the things that they have seen

And all that they have heard

When dining with the Rural Dean—
A very knowing bird.

And if at some rough country fair

The Reverend Mr. Glue

Has hotly pulled a maiden's hair

And giggled, "How are you?"

Or madly kissed a maiden's wrist—

A horrid thing to do—

O then, O then that lawless kiss

Re-echoes through the Diocese

And all the air is blue;

From Vicarage to Vicarage

They fling the warning beacon,

And at a very early stage

It reaches the Archdeacon;

And there are tears in both his eyes,

And people note with some surprise

Those rugged features weaken,

As he purses, in rubber shoes,

The wickedest of all the Glues

And vainly tries to dish up

Some sort of case for that embrace,

To pacify the Bishop.

But there is no excuse for sin,

The Bishop can't endure it;

And Discipline is Discipline—

Here ends another curate.

A. P. H.



"And Discipline is Discipline"



Eileen: Clarence is the meanest man I know.

Jean: Why?

Eileen: He waited to propose until the day before my birthday and then gave me the engagement ring for a birthday present.

Say It With Slogans

BERTIE BRAYING, the "Say-It-With-Slogans" man, hustled into his office and rustled through the pile of correspondence neatly arranged on his desk.

He was punctual, as was fitting for a man who had achieved his eminence, for Bertie was universally recognized as the greatest slogan writer the world of advertising had ever known. Naturally, he lost no time getting to work.

His secretary was waiting, pencil poised, for his first words.

"Application for slogan from Mme. Journee, the operatic coach," he dictated, inspecting the topmost letter. Send her a form letter, a bill for my usual fee and this slogan:

"Mme. Journee: She Taught the Victrola How to Sing."

He handed the letter to his assistant and took up another.

"From the Pekinese kennels," he resumed. "Send them the customary bill—send everyone I answer the customary bill—and enclose slogan: 'Peke-a-boo: A Peke for You.'"

The great slogan writer paused and inspected several letters.

"In order, the following slogans—with the bills," he continued.

"Verbo Corset Company—'A better Shaper Than Destiny.'

"Brazil Nut, Ltd.—'We Feed the Squirrels: Why Not You?'

"Durbar Shoe Manufacturers—'The Last Is First.'

"Ford Motor Company—'Auto-Suggestion.'

"Marble Hill Cemetery—'We Wait Your Call.'

"That will be all for this morning," he went on. "If anyone calls say that I will return at two o'clock. I will be here on the minute. As

you know, I am as punctual as the tides."

He paused at the door to give a parting instruction.

"By the way, you might look in the encyclopædia and see if the tides really are punctual," he said. "If they are, make note of that for our next railroad client. 'The So-and-So trains are as punctual as the tides.'"

J. K. M.

Thoughts in a Cellar

Now, is it slicker,
On the whole,
To hide my likker
'Neath my coal,—

Or, on the whole,
Would it be slicker
To hide my coal
Beneath my likker?

S. B.

Even As You and I

MY friend Binks was scarcely able to wiggle a bandaged hand as I paid him my first visit, but there was nothing the matter with his vocal organs, as I discovered at once, and even the white-hooded nurse fled the room in the face of his fiery tirade.

"Looking chipper, eh?" he rasped, in answer to my cheery greeting. "Well, let me tell you I don't feel so. I feel just about one-half of one per cent. alive, and don't you think I'm not lucky to be even in that state." He paused in his indignation for breath, and I took advantage of the hiatus to soothe him.

"You were pretty well battered up, Binksy," I interpolated, sympathetically. "He must have been going pretty fast when he hit you."

"Fast!" Binks was again wound up and ready for a race to the finish. "I'll say he was. A good sixty miles an hour—and me a peaceable

pedestrian just trying to cross the road on my way home, not bothering anybody. But I'll make him pay for it." At this point his much-beswathed figure positively rose up on its cot as the enormity of his wrongs was borne in on him afresh. "I'll teach these malefactors of wealth they can't drive their fiendish joy wagons into and over us mortals of lesser earthly goods and get away with it! I'll show 'em we common people have our rights in the world and they're not to be ground into the dust beneath the wheels of the latest six-cylinder monster to be let loose on the public thoroughfares! I'll make 'em realize—"

But his exertions had overcome him and poor old Binks sank back, pallid and weak, upon his cot. I softly tip-toed out while the hastily summoned nurse was desperately applying the smelling salts to his dilated nostrils, and I prayed fervently

her resuscitating efforts would avail.

It was two months later that I next encountered Binks. He was still a bit wan-looking, but the pallor was over-shadowed by a boundless enthusiasm in his eye that arrested my words of condolence even as I would have spoken them.

"Well?" I queried instead. It was evident he was bursting with something to tell me and I thought the sooner he got it over with the better he would feel.

"Couldn't be better," he exclaimed, jubilantly. "Settled last week for \$3,500, and say—" there was a positively fanatical note in his voice as he went on—"I've just bought the snappiest little six-cylinder roadster! Can jump to sixty on a cold start and—"

But I left him hurriedly in the midst of his speech and carefully sought the seclusion of my own little front-yard fence. *L. M.*



The Retort Implicative

Teacher: But, Wilbert, you must have done something to make Babbie cry.

Wilbert: No, Ma'am. No, honest I didn't. Why, I didn't even think of pinching her.



"How do you like their costumes?"
"I was wondering whether they were the result of accident or design."



New Arrival: Er, yes, you see, Pete, it's a Kukulele. I thought you'd appreciate a little change.

Help Wanted

"I DO wish that you could learn to speak more gently to our cooks," complained Mrs. Twitter sadly, to her husband. "This is the third that has left within two months after you have 'told her a few things.' They are awfully hard to get and you should learn to put up with some of their shortcomings."

"Nonsense," replied Mr. Twitter with an even more expressive snort. "You've let this so-called 'servant question' buffalo you. There isn't any. Why," he had a brilliant flash of inspiration, "I'll stop on the way down to the office to-day and get you one. It won't take more than half an hour at the most."

His wife had protested ineffectually. She had pleaded that she "didn't want to bother" him, but Mr. Twitter had turned an ear of stone to her objections. It would be fun. Besides, he wanted to "show" her.

An hour later he was engaged in conversation with the head of an employment agency.

"I have JUST the girl for you," the woman told him, sticking the lead pencil somewhat more firmly in her copious head of hair. "You won't find her equal in a month's hunting. She is a good cook, neat

and clean, and can be depended upon."

Mr. Twitter was pleased. He had known it would be like this. However, he knew his business. You had to make sure of the details in a thing of this kind. That was just where his wife had fallen down in the past, he reflected. Too anxious to take the first one that came along.

"Why did she leave her last position?" he asked suspiciously.

"Family she was with was perfectly impossible," replied the manageress. "You know yourself how unreasonable some persons are with servants. The husband in particular was unendurable."

Thus appealed to, Mr. Twitter rose manfully to the occasion.

"To be sure, to be sure," he agreed. "Servants are human beings like anyone else. I'll take her. Look at her first, of course. Is she here?"

The woman in charge nodded. "Follow me," she said and led him into the next room, where several girls with bored countenances were sitting on a bench.

"There she is," said his guide pointing to one in the farther corner of the room.

Mr. Twitter looked at the girl indicated. As he turned to leave he seemed to be having difficulty with his breathing.

He felt, however, that he owed some sort of explanation for his sudden departure.

With a great effort at self-control he explained, "That's the girl we just fired."

T. H. L.

Rates of Exchange

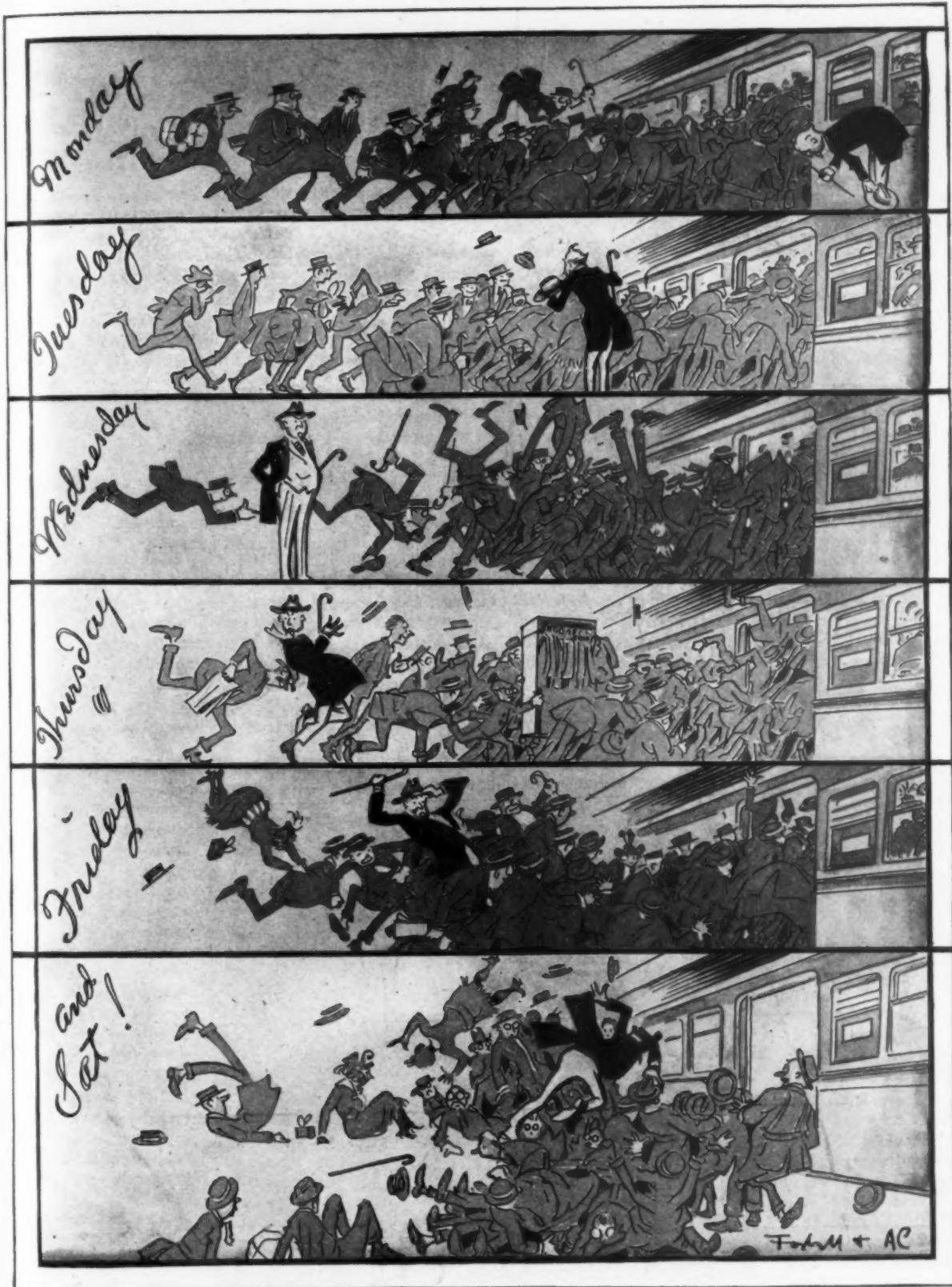
BANK TELLER: Will you have it in rubles, marks or crowns?

VISITING AMERICAN: What's the difference?

BANK TELLER: Six million of one kind, half-a-dozen million of another.



Farmer: H'm! You know, I never could do that—ain't got the patience.



The Subway Influence on a Gentleman of the Old School

THE SILENT DRAMA

"One Exciting Night"

EVERY so often, David Wark Griffith is compelled to take a vacation from his pet historical spectacles, and devote himself to the production of a picture which will make money.

"One Exciting Night" is the latest result of this enforced policy, and it turns out to be all that it was intended to be: a sure-fire box office success.

It is a mystery melodrama, with a liberal leaven of slap-stick burlesque, of the type that has flourished on the speaking stage of late years. It relies for its thrills upon such tricks as door-knobs that turn mysteriously, hands that appear from nowhere and cloaked figures that dart from shadow to shadow; it relies for its comic relief upon a burnt-cork comedian who assuages his intense fright with copious draughts of straight gin.

The start of the picture is weak. Mr. Griffith informs his audience in sub-title after sub-title that he is about to scare the life out of them. But nothing happens (at first) and the spectator begins to believe that Mr. Griffith will cry, "Wolf! Wolf!" once too often.

However, he atones for this later. He allows two of his characters to be murdered, and another one to be spirited out of sight through a trap door. At the finish he produces a trick wind storm which almost blows the spectators loose from their spinal columns.

I believe that Mr. Griffith went out of his way to be absurd in "One Exciting Night." Whenever it seems that the audience's credulity is about to be strained to the breaking point, he introduces a note

of broad burlesque and convinces his patrons that they must not take the thing too literally.

In spite of its patent artificiality, "One Exciting Night" is thrilling and amusing. It pretends to be nothing else.

"The Young Rajah"

THE late John Ames Mitchell, who founded this magazine and controlled its destinies for thirty-five years, wrote a novel called "Amos Judd." It was a good story, and many people have wondered why it was never made into a play.

It has, however, been seized by the movies—twisted, stepped upon, disemboweled and issued as a feature film under the title, "The Young Rajah." Rodolph Valentino is its star, and he makes no secret of the fact that it constitutes one of the chief reasons for his dissatisfaction with his work at the Paramount studio.

He has ample grounds for complaint. In mutilating Mitchell's

weird tale, the movie people have lost all the value that it originally possessed—and have thus provided Mr. Valentino with a vehicle which creaks miserably as it moves.

Let it be said for the popular Rodolph that he does what he can to make "The Young Rajah" less foolish than it really is. He has a meaty part—that of an Indian prince who grows up in a New England family—but its force is undermined by the essential asininity of the production.

"To Have and to Hold"

NOT having read Mary Johnston's novel, "To Have and to Hold," I am unable to say whether it has been faithfully reproduced on the screen. But I do know that "To Have and to Hold," as viewed through my neutral eyes, is a fine picture.

There are swift duels; there are sudden attacks in the dead of night by red Indians; there are battles at sea between ships of His Majesty's navy and buccaneer barks that fly the Jolly Roger.

George Fitzmaurice directed "To Have and to Hold," and his fine sense of pictorial values is evident at all times. A splendid performance is contributed by the expressive Theodore Kosloff, and Betty Compson and Bert Lytell lend competent assistance.

"To Have and to Hold" is romantic melodrama at its flashiest, and it may be recommended to all those old-fashioned souls who still read books of the pre-Main Street period.

Robert E. Sherwood.
(Recent Developments will be found on page 31.)



Lon Chaney as Fagin, Jackie Coogan as Oliver Twist and George Siegmann as Bill Sykes, in the celluloid edition of Dickens's novel.

THEY ARE READY
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 CALENDARS FOR 1923



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TO OUR DOG LOVING FRIENDS

LIFE expresses its regret for the omission of a Dog Calendar for 1923 due to an insufficient selection of dog subjects in color. While there is LIFE there's hope, and we are already planning a new idea in Dog Calendars for 1924.

Life Publishing Co.

598 Madison Avenue

New York

**Winter Time!**

A man who is not usually a reader of fiction was found to be absorbed in "If Winter Comes," and to be re-reading it. When asked the cause of this obsession, he first looked furtively around the room to assure himself that nobody was within earshot; then he said, solemnly, "I married a Mabel!" —*London Morning Post.*

Very Good, Very Good

TEACHER: Now tell me the name of the insect which is first a Tank and then an aeroplane.

PUPIL: It's the caterpillar, which changes into a butterfly.

—*L'Illustration (Paris).*

As It Seemed to Her

Baby Margaret, describing her first ride in an elevator, said: "We went into a little house and the upstairs came down." —*Boston Transcript.*

"We're getting a lot of printed advice telling us not to waste coal."

"We can burn the advice."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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**Winter Time!**

A man who is not usually a reader of fiction was found to be absorbed in "If Winter Comes," and to be re-reading it. When asked the cause of this obsession, he first looked furtively around the room to assure himself that nobody was within earshot; then he said, solemnly, "I married a Mabel!" —*London Morning Post.*

Very Good, Very Good

TEACHER: Now tell me the name of the insect which is first a Tank and then an aeroplane.

PUPIL: It's the caterpillar, which changes into a butterfly.

—*L'Illustration (Paris).*

As It Seemed to Her

Baby Margaret, describing her first ride in an elevator, said: "We went into a little house and the upstairs came down." —*Boston Transcript.*

"We're getting a lot of printed advice telling us not to waste coal."

"We can burn the advice."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Mistress: I am very well satisfied with you, Annie, and am going to let you off every Sunday afternoon instead of every other.

Maid: But, ma'am, then I'll have to ask you for more money to have a better time on.

—*Kasper (Stockholm).*

An Ohio negro preacher confesses to forty wives. This is the first quadruplegist that we ever heard of.

—*Houston Post.*

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Bitter-Sweet

While strolling through the lovely autumn woods,

The bitter-sweet looked sweet enough to eat;

And, though I've often bit a sweater bit,
I've never bit a sweeter bitter-sweet.

—*New York Tribune.*

A Curtain Call

One of New York's theatrical producers with a flair for extemporaneous speaking is known to have a press agent who writes his speeches for him to memorize. Not long ago he addressed a moving picture gathering and in the middle of the speech the press agent, who had been dismissed, startled the gathering by yelling, "Author! Author!" —*O. O. McIntyre, in Atlanta Constitution.*

One of Two Things

OLD GENTLEMAN (looking over artist friend's house): My sight gets worse and worse, Horace. Now, what have we here? Is it a picture or is it one of your paintings?

—*Windsor Magazine (London).*

Just So

"Marriage is not practiced in China."

"How terrible!"

"Yes, the first one is permanent."

—*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*

**The One Christmas Gift**

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Diary of a Procrastinator

Sunday—I must go to the dentist to-morrow.

* * *

Monday—I shall have to see about renewing my insurance on my car. I will attend to that to-morrow, sure, and then I can go to the dentist at the same time.

* * *

Tuesday—Need some winter clothes. I'll drop in at Salter's to-morrow and order a couple of suits. Then I can look after the insurance for my car and get through with the dentist. Three birds with one stone won't be at all bad for me.

* * *

Wednesday—To-morrow I really must order Marie's wedding present from Leway's and so long as I am in that neighborhood I can easily run over to Salter's to see about those suits I need. Then the dentist will be handy. That filling is getting to be a nuisance. The insurance simply must be looked after as well. To-morrow will be my busy day.

* * *

Thursday—Tom phoned me to-day and asked me to drop down to his office soon to discuss that oil deal. No use letting it go too long. I'll see him to-morrow. On the way up-town I can get Marie's present. And while I'm about it, I might just as well clean up the other things:



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my winter clothes, the insurance and the dentist. It is just as well to let matters pile up and then do everything at once.

* * *

Friday—Have to rustle out of bed early to-morrow and get all the odds and ends of the week cleaned up. I can see Tom and get my statement from the bank before lunch. Leway's will be open all day, so there will be plenty of time to look after Marie's present in the afternoon. I simply must do that. She's to be married next week. Then the insurance people, they're always open—and my clothes, and the dentist. Pretty full schedule for one day, but I suppose I can manage it.

* * *

Saturday—Have altogether too much to do. I need a rest. Going away this afternoon for a vacation in the woods. *J. K. M.*

Australian Pests

News comes from Australia of another triumph of science over nature. Besides Premier Hughes, Australia has two other pests—the prickly pear and the rabbit. The first has had to battle both the others. His time has been divided between trying to let go the prickly pear and trying to catch the rabbit. Hitherto he has failed dismally either way. But now a scientist has come along and the great problem is likely to be solved. This scientist is training the rabbit to eat the prickly pear. The rabbit in turn dies of stomach trouble.

An American has gone over to inaugurate among the Australian rabbits an "Eat a Prickly Pear a Day" Week. *D. B. MacR.*

Farce

We who met last as lovers meet as friends.

We may salute with formal clasp of hand

And formal word. Our spirits understand

No less the invocation that ascends From hearts which taunting memory still rends

Despite the efforts of our self-command.

When two have loved, only to find love banned,

Pain's not the only thing that never ends.

How long shall we be able to deny With mere platonic niceties of phrase The unrelenting voices of the past? How long before there rings aloud the cry

That even now resounds within and flays

The farce of friendship never meant to last?

R. L. J.



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Doubling Up

The three children came and stood in a row in front of their mother. "Mamma," they asked, "what would you like for your birthday?"

"My dears, mamma wants nothing for her birthday but three good children. She would like that."

"But then, mamma," cried the eldest, "we'd be six."—Country Gentleman.

Fees and Dues

FIRST UNIVERSITY TRUSTEE: The University is going on the rocks. We'll have to raise the tuition.

SECOND DITTO: Impossible! Why, it's already five per cent. of the fraternity dues.

—Northwestern Purple Parrot.

THAT movie actress who resents having people pay attention to her might try disguising herself as a speed limit.

—Detroit Free Press.

OUR POOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



A Quiet Occasion

"In my state," says a Kentuckian, "is a town so full of family feuds and quarrels that the account of any festivity is sure to contain items of anything but a peaceable nature.

A recent wedding presented such unusual features that it was spoken of with wonder by all the inhabitants.

"I never saw anything pass off so pretty and calm as Bud and Harriet's wedding in all my days," said one of the invited guests a week after the wedding. "Why, there wasn't a single casualty excepting Bill Thomas's black eye, and we got Henry Morton off him without half trying, you know we did. There didn't seem to be any what you might call family feeling at that wedding, anyhow!" —Harper's.

Preferences

"Say," remarked the little American girl to her English cousin, "which would you rather be—British or American?" "Why, English," was the prompt response. "Aw, g'wan," she said, with a glance of disgust; "that's just like you Britshers."

—London Morning Post.

"I've heard she walks in her sleep." "Fancy—and they with two automobiles."

—Ideas (London).



FOR MEN ONLY

WHO HAVE MISSED
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in DECEMBER

Cosmopolitan

at newsstands

Her Answer

Little Muriel had been corrected many times that day. Late in the afternoon her father brought home a friend of his.

This man was at once taken with Muriel and, smiling at her, said:

"Well, Muriel, I think I'll have to make up to you. You're a real charmer. Let's be sweethearts, you and I. What do you say, Muriel?"

The last phrase, "What do you say?" to Muriel meant but one thing—a certain answer to be given politely by her.

Dutifully Muriel looked at the man.

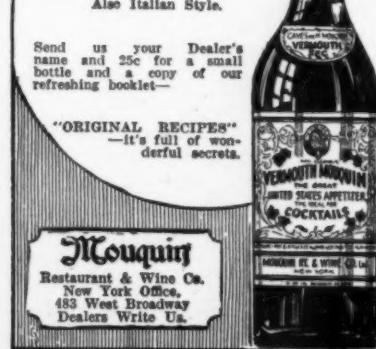
"Thank you," she replied.

—New York Sun.

A Literalist

"Why do you avoid Flubdub?" "Well, if you ask him how he is, he'll expect you to listen to the details."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.



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The Roycrofters Announce the Completion of their Memorial to Elbert Hubbard

Following Hubbard's tragic death on the "Lusitania" in 1915, announcement was made from East Aurora that The Philistine Magazine would be discontinued. Hubbard had gone on a long journey and might need his "Philistine".

The same spirit of devotion has prompted The Roycrofters to issue their memorial edition of Little Journeys to the Homes of the Great. In no other way could they so fittingly perpetuate the memory of the founder of their institution as to liberate the influence that was such an important factor in moulding the career of his genius.

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FOURTEEN YEARS were consumed in the writing of the work that ranks to-day as Elbert Hubbard's masterpiece. In 1894 this series was begun, and once a month for fourteen years, one of these little pilgrimages was given to the world.

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The Memorial Edition of Little Journeys to the Homes of the Great is complete in 14 volumes, printed on specially made deckle-edge paper containing the Roycroft water-mark, semi-flexible binding, each volume handsomely embossed and modeled in colors.

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THE SILENT DRAMA Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 26)

Robin Hood. *United Artists.*—A remarkable picture, from any point of view that you may care to take. If you don't like it, we for one will have to give you up as a bad job.

The Impossible Mrs. Bellew. *Paramount.*—Gloria Swanson went to Europe and bought a lot of startling gowns. They are all on view in this film. Unfortunately, she neglected to purchase an adequate story.

Oliver Twist. *First National.*—Jackie Coogan plays *Oliver* with all the sympathy and understanding that Dickens himself could have desired.

Skin Deep. *First National.*—A crook melodrama, in which Milton Sills wears the best false nose seen on any screen this year.

Trifling Women. *Metro.*—Rex Ingram at his best. The story is none too original, but his treatment of it is marvellously deft.

A Tailor Made Man. *United Artists.*—A good comedy, with a slight strain of melodrama—well played by Charles Ray.

Lorna Doone. *First National.*—Maurice Tourneur's production of Blackmore's novel. Many scenes of striking beauty, and a few legitimate thrills, but disappointing at the finish.

The Old Homestead. *Paramount.*—Theodore Roberts, George Fawcett and others in a spectacular picture based on one of the greatest plays of all time. There is a gorgeous tornado at the finish.

The Bond Boy. *First National.*—Played by Richard Barthelmess and directed by Henry King—but not another "Tol'able David," by any means.

Under Two Flags. *Universal.*—More desert stuff, enlivened by the strenuous efforts of Priscilla Dean.

Mother Goose and Father Gander

THE Game of Bridge means calling down,

Calling down, calling down,
The Game of Bridge means calling down

Your fair lady!

* * *

Sing a song of six months,

A bottle full of rye,
Four-and-twenty jail-birds,
Living rather high.

When the door was opened,
They all had had their fill;

Wasn't it a splendid thing
To go and find their still?

* * *

Old King Coal
Is a very bold soul

A very bold soul is he;
He called off the strike
And he called for control,
And he called off the profiteers' spree!

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Miss Haddo the Motion Picture Artist drinking the first volume.
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Defeat

BEFORE them stretched a white world—and how bitter, bitter cold it was! Cold whiteness above them as unfriendly chill as the expanse beneath, pressed down and enclosed them in a relentless circumference. Cold, cold, so numbing cold! Side by side they advanced, just the faintest perceptible progress at every effort, clinging close to each other for such modicum of warmth as each could give the other. Perhaps they might have withdrawn; yet pride, or conscience, or whatever the impelling power might be, goaded them forward into the very teeth of the cold that drove them back. The very whiteness of it seemed to add to the chill. Yet darkness was all about them! They knew that it was white above and white beneath, in spite of the pitchy night.

At last they stopped. Will power could force them no farther. Clinging close, futilely intertwining, for each seemed now to add to the chill, rather than to the warmth of the other; they reached the point of utter surrender. It was horrible, horrible! The freezing whiteness pressed down from above, pressed upward from below, and the two were naked, utterly naked! They were my feet, and I simply could not force myself to push them farther down into the bed.

B. J.

More or Less True

As the South Pole to the North;
As the third speed to the fourth,
As the moonlight to the sun,
As the butter to the bun,
As the trimming to the frock,
As the seltzer to the Hock,
As the needle to the pole,
As the football to the goal,
As the paper to the news,
As the cushions to the pews,
As the feather to the hat,
As the Welcome to the mat,
As the label to the can,
So is Woman to the Man.

C. W.

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and the week after that, all year long. Surely a Christmas present that is a Christmas present!

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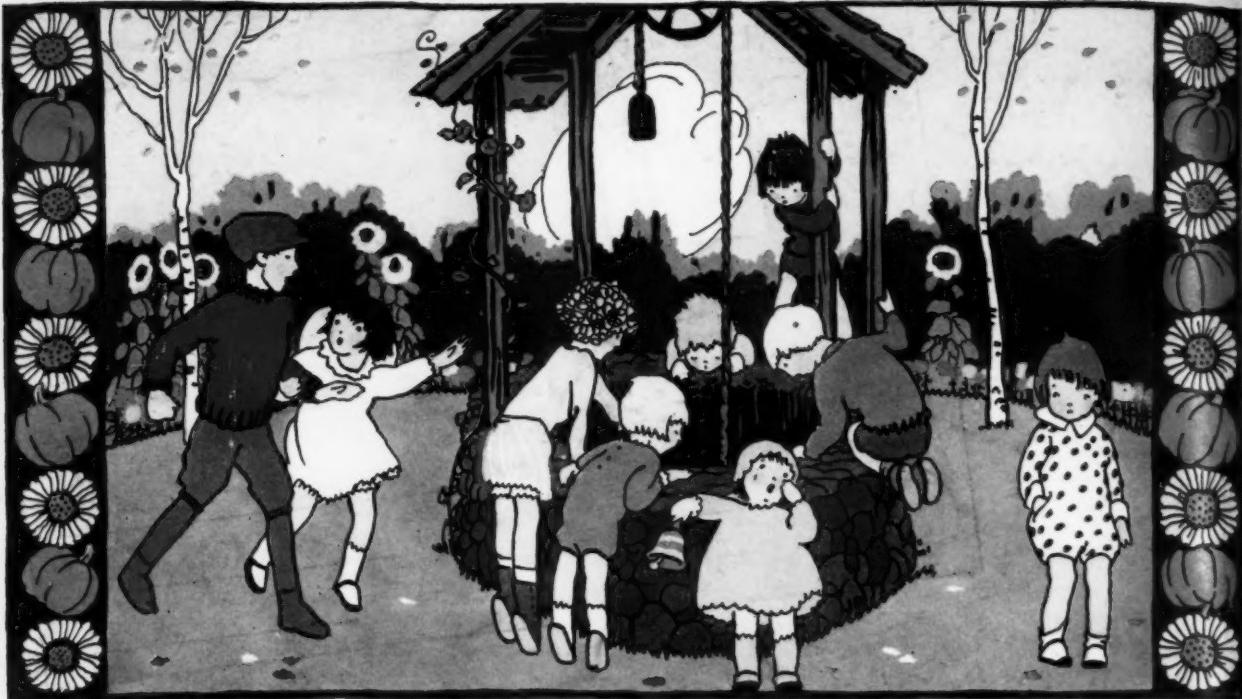
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DING DONG BELL!

FROM this first imaginary ding, dong bell of Mother Goose days ringing fine frenzy for pussy's rescue, to the noble, mellowed tones of "In Memoriam," much of our poetry—all our life—has been measured by Bells.

This Thanksgiving morning, as you heard the church bells ringing, you thought back—through the war years—through the sound of wedding bells—your wedding—back to that long Thanksgiving morning when you were ten. When the cooking smells of "punkin pie" and the turkey came teasing through the house, didn't you almost die waiting for the sound of the Dinner Bell?

You heard the fire bell when the big barn burnt down on the other side of the town—you heard the endless days of school bells and the alarm clock in the morning when you were first starting to business and all your youth yearned for another hour's sleep.

Yet, of all the bells, perhaps you remember most clearly the slow, haunting sound as they tolled for one of the nation's great, or for even one dearer to you.

Whatever the bells say to you this Thanksgiving, let them never say to those most intimate and dear, that the future is dark and forbidding because you ignored a message so persistently rung!

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President

Home Office, Newark,
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